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VOL. 11.

COUNTY GAME LAW.

It is absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

The new battleship's dizzy speed is calculated to make the Virginia reel.

The world is indeed a stage, but the spectators are not charged admission fees.

Uncle Sam is about to shut down the lid on Bering Sea, but he can't seal it. No seals left.

When a young man informs a girl that she is the light of his life, he probably means a flashlight.

President Roosevelt can find a sure cure for race suicide in the Senator Clark million-dollar-baby plan.

One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives because fully one-half mind their own business.

An old bachelor says that matrimony is an excellent training school for women who are ambitious to enter the lecture field.

Dr. Dowie didn't allow his modesty to restrain him from naming three men to do the work heretofore performed by himself.

Yale's athletic reserve fund has grown to nearly \$100,000. Maybe this is proof of sport for sport's sake, but it looks like business.

An army girl in New York who married an octogenarian is now seeking a divorce. She probably thought that octogenarian meant eighty millions.

"A wife is a luxury," said a Chicago judge, but he didn't pretend to give an exhaustive definition. That would require several pages of the dictionary.

After reading Secretary Wilson's report, the farmer must be convinced that he is rich, even if he wears one gallus and his principal asset is a yellow dog.

"Will the coming man marry?" asks Dr. Madison C. Peters. It depends somewhat on the fancy of the woman to whose house he is coming. How often does he come?

There is plenty of heroism in the country, but the hero does not proclaim his merit from the house. The hero-rewarding commission may have to employ detectives.

"Why," asks a foreign visitor, "are not your college students revolutionists?" Evidently this gentleman has not seen them going through some of their revolutions on the football field.

George Westinghouse, Jr., has entered his father's shops as an apprentice on the same terms as the other apprentices. Still, the other apprentices wouldn't be taking long chances in swapping futures with him.

Sir Horace Plunkett wants to make a study of the dietary of the American farming class. We will be interested in his remarks when he arises in the British Parliament full of hog, hominy and wisdom, and gives a result of his investigations.

It is a great thing, this glory and honor of nations. For it men go and shoot at perfect strangers without an introduction and are shot at by them. Those who are killed are heroes and get their names misspelled in a list. The more of these there are the greater the glory and honor redounding to the credit of the nation supplying them. The nation measures its glory and honor by the number of its citizens slain. So this honor and glory must be a fine and noble thing.

Some Western college professor has made a suggestion which seems to strike at the root of the football evil. It consists of two propositions—first, that membership on an intercollegiate football team be conditioned primarily on the candidate's being a gentleman at the least indication of hoodlumism seen by his associates or coaches he be punished by immediate removal from the list of available players; and, secondly, that this motto be continuously forced upon the attention of all contestants in intercollegiate sports: "It is far better to lose fairly than to win unfairly."

Books and merchandise committed to the mails misdirected or underpaid find their way into the Dead Letter Office, and are sold by auction in Washington just before Christmas each year. Countless misunderstandings and heartburnings have been occasioned by the mistakes which the auctioneer's huge pile each year represents. Persons for whom the articles were intended wonder why they never heard from old friends, particularly those far away from home, and those who sent these things feel hurt because the supposed recipients have never been polite enough to make acknowledgment. No one can look at the stacks of misdirected articles without realizing the desirability of a charitable judgment of those who, we think, have treated us shabbily. The Dead Letter Office collections constitute a touching appeal for leniency.

One is forced to wonder not that there is fighting, but that there is not so much fighting that the practice of

hazing should become dangerous or impossible. Courage, physical and moral, is supposed to be one of the marks of the naval officer, but have the cadets not been establishing a system of cowardice in permitting themselves to be mauled by young brutes without making a fight for it? When a new boy enters an English public school he must inevitably fight. He is forced to fight by some youth who attempts to put an indignity upon him, and when the affront is given the battle is on. The English system seems to be the better one. It is possible to understand the code which impels a midshipman or other youth to fight to preserve his self-respect, but it is hard to understand the code or state of mind which coerces the future officers of the navy to submit tamely and submissively to brutal indignities.

Cultivated and prosperous people often complain that the working servants of cities are ignorant, job-seeking and incompetent. Yet seldom does the man of cultivation and means go to work for his community in the humble offices where there is much labor and little honor or political influence. But there are exceptions. A young novelist is mayor of Toledo. A millionaire has been appointed superintendent of streets in Cincinnati—his wealth was acquired before he entered the office. A late fire commissioner of Syracuse was a millionaire and college graduate; he built a model engine-house at his own expense and improved the department by his own example. Years ago an indignant citizen of Boston complained to the mayor that the street sweepers were an ungentlemanly crew. "I know it," replied the mayor. "I've tried to get our first families to wield the brooms, but they won't do it."

Most English-speaking persons think that the best place for a Chinese is in China. He no sooner migrates to a country inhabited by users of English than they begin to tell him how unwelcome he is. The history of Chinese immigration in the United States is familiar. Laborers were needed on the Pacific coast, and the Chinese came, or were brought, in large numbers to supply the demand. Then the white men began to protest against the competition of the Asiatics, and after a time Chinese laborers were forbidden to enter the country. The situation in the gold-mining region of South Africa to-day is similar to that in California when the Chinese began to flock there. The mine owners have not been able to get white or black labor enough to work their mines to their full capacity. A year ago the importation of Chinese coolies began, and now there are forty-five thousand of them in the district. They were admitted against the protest of the British colonies in the southern Pacific, and in spite of the objections of public men in Great Britain. Already the question of discontinuing the policy has become a party issue in England. The Liberals declare that the condition of the Chinese is practically one of slavery. Moreover, they assert that the Chinese have made life unsafe in the mining district; that men are afraid to leave their families alone, and that it has become necessary to barricade the doors and windows of the houses at night, and to sleep with firearms within reach. All this is denied by the adherents of the government, who maintain that the situation is exaggerated or wholly misrepresented, and that the introduction of Chinese labor has made South Africa prosperous. A most serious phase of the situation is that the three or four hundred million Chinese at home are beginning to take note of the treatment of the Chinese away from home, and are resorting to retaliatory measures against foreigners in China.

A Carnivorous Plant.
On the shores of Lake Nicaragua is to be found an uncanny product of the vegetable kingdom known among the natives by the expressive name of "the devil's noose." How delighted Poe would have been to make this cannibal plant the subject of one of his weird stories.

Dunstan, the naturalist, discovered it not long ago while wandering on the shores of the lake. Attracted by cries of pain and terror from his dog, he found the animal held by black, sticky bands, which had chafed the skin to the bleeding point. These bands were branches of a newly discovered carnivorous plant which has been aptly named "the land octopus." The branches are flexible, black, polished, without leaves, and secrete a viscid fluid. They are also furnished with a great number of suckers, with which they attach themselves to their victims. It certainly deserves to be classed as the octopus of the vegetable world.

Self-Defense.
Saleslady—I am resigning my position. I'm going to marry Mr. Kash-collar of the necktie counter.
Manager—Why not keep on working, anyhow?
Saleslady—Gee! You don't know Bobby. If I don't quit my job he'll quit his.—Cleveland Leader.

Not If He Is Good.
Little Freddy (after listening to the usual maternal quarrel between his father and mother)—Mamma, if a little boy is very, very good all the time when he is little, does he have to get married when he's grown up?—Family Journal.

It might be well for parents to remember that spoiled children come home to roost.

A COLLEGE GIRL'S SUNDAY.

She Dodges Church and Devotes Her Time to Odd Jobs.

"The church of the future is to be womanless as well as manless, judging from the women's colleges," said the dean of a woman's college, according to the New York Press, "for it is only by the strictest discipline that we can induce the girls to attend church. They have all sorts of excuses why they should not attend divine worship and it's wonderful how many headaches develop Sunday morning. Almost every woman's college demands a church record from every student and it is only by keeping them under our thumbs in this way that we can be sure of their ever hearing a sermon during their college course. The college maiden's disinclination to church worship is not due to an irreligious spirit, but it's because she wants the day absolutely to herself to rest, to dream, to write letters home, to do the thousand and one things for which there is little time on recitation days."

"Many girls look forward to Sunday as the day when they may indulge in the luxury of late rising. They won't get up until 9 or 9:30, and then they get a chafing dish breakfast in their rooms. They say it rests them perfectly and puts them in the proper condition for the rush and grind which begins the next day. There are rumors that some of the students take Sunday as a mending day and, of course, such a practice would be stopped at once if we only had actual proofs of it; but such proofs are difficult to get. Sometimes it looks suspicious if a skirt binding which has been ripped all the week appears nicely sewed on Monday morning, but there is no reason why the sewing might not have been done Saturday afternoon or evening."

"Sunday the girls like to forget that they are in college and become merely the eternal feminine. They lay in a stock of good things on Saturday and invite two or three friends in to take supper with them Sunday evening. They wash out their handkerchiefs and stocks and clean their gloves. They get spots out of their skirts and straighten out their bureau drawers. They rearrange the furniture in their rooms so that it will look less monotonous. They go to call on some of the 'town people.' They revel in a kimono in the morning, because, they say, they are obliged to 'get into togs' every other day in the week. They read popular fiction of the day and discuss the marriage question."

"Sometimes they take long walks, but these walks are always attended by Sunday decorum and there is never any junketing Sunday. They seem to appreciate more the beauties of nature on that day and think less about autumn leaves making a 'gorgeous' decoration for the sophomore dance, or about the 'perfectly grand' fried chicken and cream potatoes that are served at some of the weather-beaten old farm houses."

"Sunday the college girl gives her domestic instincts free rein, but she won't go to church if she can possibly help it."

A CONSERVATIVE GIVER.

Squire Flanders was detailing the characteristics of the late Amos Bowden, one of his fellow townsmen, to Mr. Partridge, a new comer in Seymour.

"As a leading citizen, we rather expected Amos 'd do something handsome for the town," said the squire; "remember it to the tune of a few thousand for a library, or something."

"And he didn't?" asked Mr. Partridge, with easy interest.

"He didn't," repeated Squire Flanders, dryly. "He didn't make any public bequests—at least, not any out-and-out ones. Some years ago his wife persuaded him to put a fountain in the square, in front of the postoffice, and the agreement was that he was to keep it in repair, the town to reimburse him for half the expense."

"You don't know what our winters are, but you will by spring," the squire continued, prophetically, "so you'll have to take my word for it that that fountain cost the town pret' near 's much 's the schools. Every year, regular, the pipes had to be dug up, and new pieces put in where they'd froze up and burst, and after a while we owed Amos quite a little sum. In his will he canceled that obligation, and that was the extent of his remembering the village he was born and brought up in—and him close to the millionaire line."

Mr. Partridge smiled. "He wasn't what could be called a royal giver," he commented.

"Royal!" gasped the squire. "You couldn't have him blindfolded up to the word, I'll tell you how Ed Vesey sized Amos up," he continued, with happy recollection. "If Amos was an ostrich, Ed said, 'and was going' to lay an egg, he'd sure lay a pewee's egg. An' he'd call it,' says Ed, 'keeping on the safe side.'"

Stronger.

Teacher—Johnny, for what is Switzerland famous?
Scholar—Why—u'm—Swiss cheese.
Teacher—Oh, something grander, more impressive, more tremendous.
Scholar—Limburger?—Cleveland Leader.

Open to Conviction.
"Do you believe in reincarnation?" asked Smith.

"I don't know," answered the man who weighs his opinions. "I have never seen it tried."—Washington Star.



Long evenings, so delightful early in the season, generally become decidedly irksome before the winter's end. Books, magazines or cards do not appeal to all who have to remain indoors at this season.

Especially upon farms and in villages does the sway of the house months prove donotonous. One of the most delightful parlor amusements for such evenings is the making of shadows, or silhouettes, upon screens, with the aid of a lamp or candle. Men upon the stage have attained fame and fortune by their expertness in casting shadows. Proficiency, however, comes only through long practice and the application of originality and imagination.

The professional shadowgraphist, who plies his business upon the stage and before large and critical audiences, must, of course, be proficient to the verge of perfection, but this fact need not discourage persons who aim only to entertain parlor gatherings of friends.

The amateur, however, may learn a great deal of silhouette pictures. Chassinio, the Frenchman, who stands in the front rank of shadowgraphers of the world, says that he was obliged to work ten years before he was able to secure engagements in theaters. Even now he must practice continually and be forever devising new pictures, which he toils upon for weeks before presenting to his audiences.

An ordinary sheep herder on the hills and in the valleys of France was Chassinio when he first saw a shadowgraph at a church festival. So infatuated was he with the amusement that right away he began to learn "how to make shadows."

The Difficult Part.

He used to take a bit of an old sheet out into the fields with him, and in the sunlight cast shadowgraphs upon it. Then, on moonlight nights, sitting upon the ground, with his dogs and flock as spectators, Chassinio worked with the moon as his light and cast shadows of rabbits, wolves, giraffes and such easy combinations of the hands and fingers.

Gradually becoming adept, he appeared at a village social with better accessories, but ten years passed before shadowgraphs became remunerative to him. Now he says:

"You cannot see in the shadow a rough edge from a knuckle or a mounted hand. It is difficult only in rounding shadows, and that is where the crudeness of the amateur and the finish of the professional appear."

To make shadows for the entertainment of friends it is necessary to have a smoothly stretched white screen and back of that a candle, lamp or other

light, which may be moved as necessity requires.

Between the screen and lamp the maker takes position. The exact point of best advantage can be judged only by experiment. Chassinio says that he gets the best results from a position about ten feet from the screen and five feet in front of his powerful arc light. Then he obtains heavy shadows, distinct and clean-cut in outline, producing a perfect silhouette.

Beginners, Chassinio explains, should learn first to gain perfect control over the fingers and to limber the joints, so that rapidity of motion and flexibility are assured.

At first a rabbit or a wolf should be tried. These figures are simple, and one can learn to shadow them roughly in a few minutes. Before taking up complicated silhouettes the easier ones should be perfected.

Some of the Hardest.

"They all look simple enough," the French expert says, "though the novice soon learns that looks are deceiving."

The wolf, for instance, is shadowed by doubling the three fingers of the right hand into the palm, leaving the index finger for the animal's forehead and the thumb for the right ear.

This hand is placed against the left, so that all is hidden, except the digits mentioned. Now the left hand has the thumb showing for an ear, the index finger is slanted over the second and third which form the snout and the little finger forms the lower jaw. By moving the little finger the mouth may be opened and closed at will. An eye may be put in by leaving a slight opening between the index and third fingers of the left hand at the crotch.

Making a gendarme, or French policeman, is more difficult to the amateur. The right hand forms the cap and most of the head, the wrist forms the neck and the left hand and forearm the features and body.

The right arm is held slightly forward, the thumb hidden in the palm, the forefinger crossed under the third and touching the second finger; the third finger is humped to make the knot on the cap and the little finger is straightened out for the visor.

The left hand, palm to the screen, is simple. The thumb bears down on the first joint of the index finger, which protrudes, making the nose out of the second joint; the second and third fingers are bent in toward the palm, the slit between the two forming the mouth and each making a lip, while the little finger is made prominent enough to produce a chin.

Chassinio, who has developed shadowgraphs from mere child's play to an amusement for grown-ups, can readily dissolve one figure into another. His hands move with wonderful rapidity and precision, though he con-

fesses that he works up his pictures after throwing them on the screen, as he can always make them more perfect after seeing the shadow.

"I do not look at my hands," he explains. "I look at the shadow. Then in difficult shadows I usually move the fingers a bit, as it eases the strain on the muscles."

In many silhouettes it takes but the movement of a finger or a slight change in the position of the hands to produce an entirely different shadow effect, so beginners will do well to study these changes; for instance, the position of the hands and fingers for an owl is, with a slight alteration, made to show a jar or vase.

Much humor is produced by Chassinio in the pictures he makes. The monkey is used as the principal medium, for he can be readily manipulated and made an adjunct to other figures.

Take the priest in the pulpit, with a curved sounding board overhead. The board is suddenly transformed into a monkey that annoys the preacher from time to time. By closing the thumb of the right hand and bring the fingers on a line, the sounding board is again produced.

In this shadowgraph Chassinio uses the shirt cuff on his right arm to produce the pulpit. A small bit of paste-board rounded and attached to the forefinger of the left hand makes the preacher's clerical hat.

Speaking of these adjuncts, Chassinio says he was five years in working out the simple way he now holds the paste-board used in making the hat. For a long time he could get nothing that would insure a steady shadow.

Illustrating the quick change that can be made in faces with hats or coverings, Chassinio calls attention to the position of his hands in making the gendarme and the old woman. In each case the only change is in the right hand.

The shadowgraph of the two monkeys has every appearance of simplicity, but is most difficult, as the silhouettes are not long in repose. Chassinio operates their hands in many monkey ways and opens their mouths.

In fact, he makes live monkeys of them, and it would be easy to believe that two real monkeys were themselves casting the shadows.

Not content with casting silhouettes with his hands, Chassinio has become master of his feet, and makes shadowgraphs with them. The command he has over his toes is something marvelous, second only to the wonderful manipulation of them.

Some of the most difficult shadows are done with the feet, but the most pretentious and intricate are the ones in which Chassinio uses both hands and feet.—Montreal Star.

WARDING OFF A GIFT.

Obed Farrar had carefully written on a slip of paper which he carried in his pocketbook the address of a person in Boston, and one day when he went to the city he made it a part of his business to call at the street and number indicated, and to talk with the old lady who lived there.

"I'm going to ask you not to send my wife the Housekeeper's Friend this year," he said to the astonished old lady who received him, "and I'll explain to you just why."

"I wish you would," said Mrs. Farrar's old school friend, gently, smiling at the weather-beaten old man who had surprised her with a call. "I thought it would have many things to interest Mary Emma, as I've always called her," she added, apologetically.

"There are," said Mr. Farrar, with a desperate air. "That magazine's chuck-full of ideas that interest her—and she tries every one of 'em. We haven't had the same thing used to raise our biscuits nor polish our stoves nor clear our coffee two months running since you began to give her that magazine."

"I can't go into the kitchen morning or night that there isn't something simmering on that stove and a number of other things drying on the window-sills. Sometimes they're for keeping out moths or ants or buffalo-bugs, sometimes they're for cleaning pots and kettles or preserve-jars, and sometimes they're for repairing old china or removing ink or grease."

"Our preserves have been put in water, sugar, molasses, and I don't know but vinegar. There's not a day but I see Mary Emma with a thoughtful look on her face out in the woodshed, bent on making some new kind of a waste-basket or a stool or an im-

provement of some sort. I can't throw away or destroy so much as a strip of shavings or a tin can now but what she's after me, saying that was just what the Housekeeper's Friend had spoken of as being particularly useful."

"Sometimes my clothes are hung out in the damp, and sometimes they're packed away in newspapers, according to what the contributors to the 'Handy Helps' department of that magazine have written. If I miss my collar buttons I know some woman out in Alaska has found a better place for 'em to be kept."

"Some months Mary Emma wears her hair down her back most all day to promote the growth, and other times she brushes it a hundred strokes night and morning, and braids it tight as it'll go. There's weeks when she'll wear two veils, and weeks when she'll go out without so much as a handkerchief on her head."

"And I saw by an announcement that was lying on her desk," said Mr. Farrar, after a short pause for breath, "that the first three months of next year there's to be a series of articles on 'Making a Man Comfortable.' Now what I want to know is, will you send those publishers word to let Mary Emma's subscription expire, or have I got to waylay the mail the first of every month and heave those magazines into the stove? For it's got to be one or the other."—Youth's Companion.

CALLS SQUIRRELS A PEST.

Naturalist Asserts Animals Destroy Eggs of Harmless, Useful Birds.

Josef Brunner, who has devoted the later years of his life to roaming the woods of Montana in his nature-study pursuits, makes a bitter attack on both the red and gray squirrel in Country Life in America. It is backed by his half century experience and first-hand observation both here and in the great forest tracts of Germany.

Mr. Brunner writes: "I wish to take

away for all time the character of the squirrel. He is a thief and a murderer. Admired by ignorant city people and by journalists, he devotes his life to eating the eggs and killing the young and harmless as well as useful birds, which, if permitted to live and increase, would protect the forests from harmful insects. By killing these birds the squirrel takes first rank as a forest destroyer. Moreover, the red squirrel is not the only sninner. In my opinion, the gray is almost, if not quite, as bad."

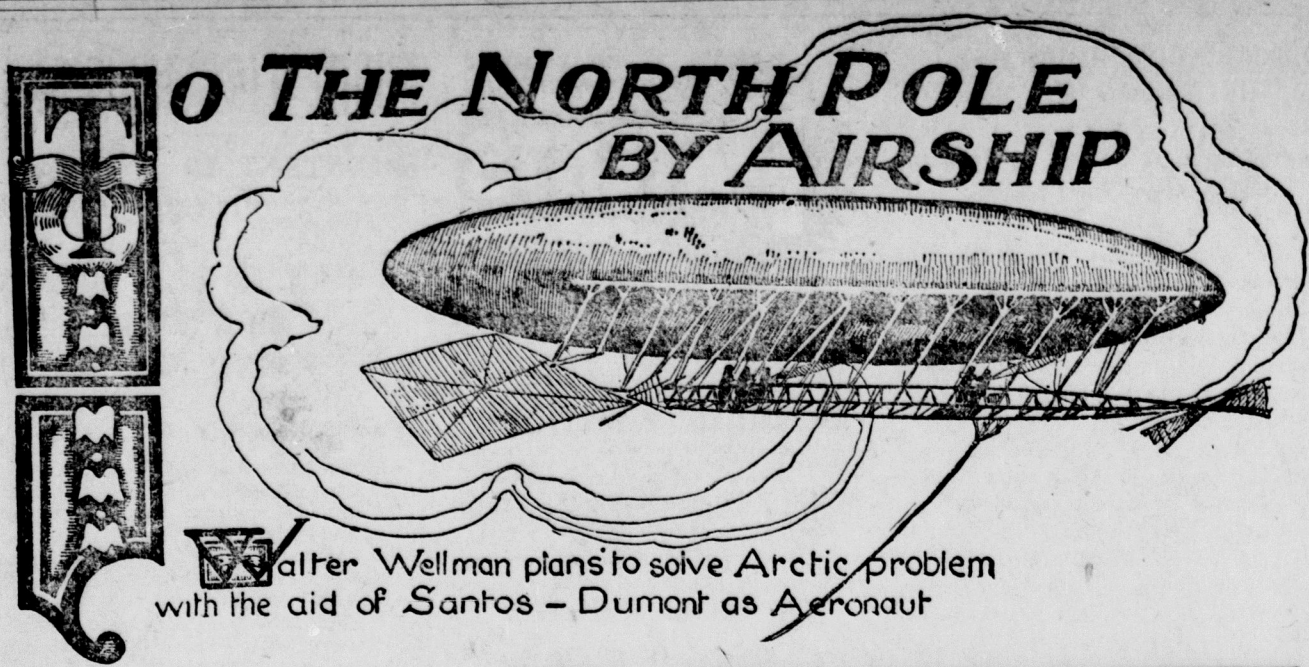
"I have killed many squirrels caught in the act of eating eggs or young birds. Any bird that selects a nesting place which is also adapted to the use of squirrels is almost certain to be ejected. When a forest has been destroyed by fires, lumbermen or insects, it is almost impossible for natural reforestation to take place if squirrels are abundant in an adjoining tract, because they eat the seeds. Fifty seeds a head each day would be a low estimate. Yet this would make 18,250 a year."

"And seeds are not the only thing. In winter the ground is often strewn with twigs which have been stripped of bugs by squirrels. The trees attacked are generally situated at the border of a dense forest and would, if left alone, yield the greatest seed crop. A single squirrel thus destroyed in one day thousands of seeds in the germ. In Montana I have seen the grays rob birds' nests."

Too Much!

King Oscar, traveling through a small town in Sweden, saw a large transparency, with the inscription, "Welcome, your Majesty!" hanging from a building. He inquired what the building was, and was told that it was the town prison. "Ah," exclaimed his Majesty, "this loyalty is too much!"

When a baby cries in its father's arms he discovers that it is crying because it wants to go to You.



That the twentieth century will witness not only the attainment of the North Pole, but conquest of the South Pole as well, is a common belief, and each new Arctic or Antarctic expedition that sets out for the reduction of these mysterious icy fastnesses is expected to succeed. With the rapid advances made during the nineteenth century in every branch of human knowledge, the great task becomes less and less seemingly impossible. There is a disposition to consider the North Pole for instance, a good deal nearer than it once was. The constant additions to maps of the polar regions is responsible for this feeling. The area marked "unknown" or "unexplored" is gradually becoming smaller and the eve of the conquest of the pole is evidently at hand. The only question to be asked is, Who will reach the goal first?

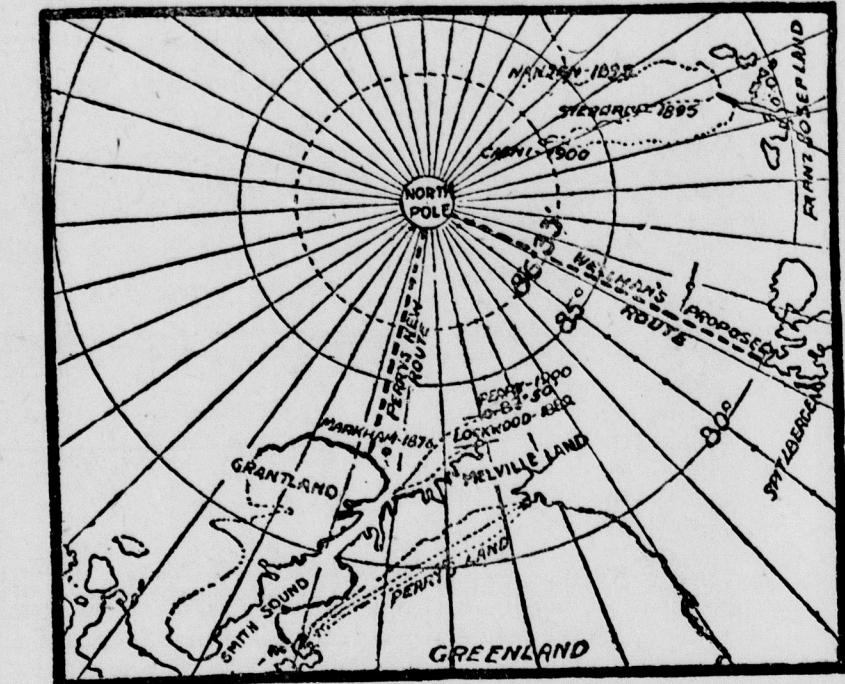
At the present time Peary is somewhere in the ice in Smith Sound, or, perhaps near the base in Grant Land, from which he expects to make his "dash for the pole" on sledges across the polar pack. The only explorer in the Arctic, he probably has had a year's start of the next contestant in the race for the North Pole. Who his nearest competitor will be is a question, for several Arctic expeditions are being prepared, and next spring



SANTOS DUMONT.

and summer may see some of them start.

The pole is to be attacked from various sides and in different ways. Captain Jules E. Bernier, the Canadian, expects to follow the wreckage of the ill-fated Greely expedition, entering the frozen polar basin north of Siberia and sledging to the pole. Dr. Variele, a Frenchman, expects to follow a course almost parallel to that mapped by Peary, and will sledge northward by the aid of mules, or burros and dogs. Einar Mikkelsen, a Danish explorer, hopes to enter the Arctic Ocean from the Mackenzie River, but his expedition promises to be a survey of an unknown region north



MAP SHOWING PROPOSED ROUTE AND ROUTES OF OTHER EXPLORERS.

of Alaska rather than a polar "dash," although, if conditions are favorable, he may enter the race for the pole.

The greatest interest, however, attaches to the attempt to reach the North Pole which Walter Wellman is to make in an airship now being built for the purpose by Santos-Dumont, the young Brazilian aeronaut. Thirty years ago the proposition would have been considered as much a dream as one of Jules Verne's romances. It would also then have been impossible. But is it impossible now?

M. Santos-Dumont is supervising the building of the giant of the air which is designed to carry both these intrepid seekers across the North Pole. It is expected the airship will be completed in April, and that the start to the northern base—Spitzbergen—will be made in July.

This airship will be a monster. "It will be," says Mr. Wellman, "the largest practical airship ever built. It will be 196 feet long, and its greatest diameter will be 49 feet. Its surface will measure 23,000 square feet and its volume will be 226,000 cubic feet. Inflated with hydrogen, it will have a total ascensional force of 15,300 pounds. Seven thousand pounds will be the weight of the ship and its equipment complete, leaving 8,000 pounds for cargo. The ship will be provided with three motors, with a combined energy of 70 horsepower.

"If the winds hinder no more than they help and there are no delays, this ship can motor from North Spitzbergen to the pole in forty-five hours. The airship will have an endurance capacity in buoyancy sufficient to enable it to remain twenty-five to thirty days in the air. It will carry 5,500 pounds of gasoline, and its distance capacity dur-

ing calm weather will be 1,800 miles more than the distance from Spitzbergen Strait across the pole and the whole Arctic Ocean to Alaska. Besides the 5,500 pounds of fuel mentioned, the ship will carry five men, a comfortable car to live in (which is also a boat in case of need), food and supplies for seventy-five days, and a complete sledging outfit ready for use, should it be necessary to abandon the airship and take to the ice.

"If at the worst our ship of air carries us only to the vicinity of the pole, or two-thirds of the way to it, we have an alternative method of travel by which we may reasonably hope to complete our success and make our return to land in safety.

"At no time will our airship be out of touch with the surface of the earth. Our guide rope, so called, but in our case a smooth, tapering line of steel, is to drag its lower end over the ice to keep the ship at a fairly stable height (150 to 200 feet), the altitude most favorable to wireless telegraphy, and to maintain under ordinary conditions the vertical stability of the craft.

"Wireless telegraph stations will be established at Spitzbergen and Hammerfest, Norway, 600 miles distant. Further than this, a wireless equipment will be carried in our airship, and it will be our effort to send frequent—if possible, daily—dispatches to the outside world throughout all the time the expedition is in the Arctic regions, even from the pole itself, should we reach it."

The success of Mr. Wellman's entire campaign depends upon his ability to procure a really practicable airship. He believes he has this in the aerial machine which Santos Dumont has designed, and which the young aeronaut will himself guide.—Montreal Star.

WOMEN AND FASHION

"As Others See Us."
We, rating others honestly, are prone to wonder how they, in their littleness, can pride themselves on merits of their own
And be so blind to those that we possess.

We see wherein they lack; we measure all
The faults which they serenely think they hide;
We weigh their worth and see how far they fall
Below the things on which they stake their pride.

We wonder why they do not stop to show

Due deference to us who loom so high;
They pass us merely nodding as they go,
Or overlook us as they hurry by.

Perhaps when they consider you and me
They, too, discover blemishes that mar;

Perhaps it is our present selves they see,
Not what we might be—and suppose we are.

—S. E. Kiser in The Reader.

For the School Girl.

Fashionable cloths in light weights, combined with plaid silks, are used for many of the stunning frocks displayed

ly a recognition of ability. She is 40 years old, handsome and a leader in social and club work.



Nearly all walking suits have the skirts plaited in one way or another.

One of these Japanese tan and blue purses is very "it" to carry with a blue suit.

For a short dancing frock there is no model so pretty as an accordion-plaited skirt.

Very high, straight turnover collars of linen are worn with the tailor-made dress.

Some of the new bodices have long tails reaching nearly to the bottom of the skirt.

Pure white e name is fancied by some, as it lends itself less easily to

ing remarkable about it, and now at 80 she is earning a comfortable living by teaching women how to acquire such control of body and mind as to mitigate the usual decline of advancing years and enjoy to the utmost old age.—Good Housekeeping.

Painter for Wash Day.
Axle Grease (on Wash Dresses)—Wet the spot with coal oil; then wash in soap and water.

Fruit (Pear) Stains—Sprinkle a little powdered starch on the stain; then pour boiling water over it.

Blood Stains—Soak the article for some hours in clear, cold water, changing several times; then wash with soap and cold water.

Fruit (Berry) Stains—Pour rain water through them, or steam over a cup of boiling water till stain is gone. Never use soap until the stain is removed.

Ink Spots—Wet the spot and drop a solution of tartaric acid on it; then place the article in the strong sunlight for awhile, after which wash in cold water.

Before washing clothes or linens all

GOWNS AND WRAPS SUITED TO ELDERLY WOMEN.



by stores catering to the wants of young folks. The association is certainly an artistic one, and capable of infinite variety of treatment. The model illustrated is an Admiral blue French flannel, made in modified suspender effect. It is trimmed with dark



blue and green plaid silk, which is bound with straps of plain blue taffeta wherever used. The wide sailor collar is finished with braid, and turns back from a dainty vest of all-over lace.

How to Make a Bath Sachet.

A French recipe for a bath sachet calls for three pounds of bran to one of powdered orris root, with a pound of starch, a pound and a half of almond meal and twelve ounces of good white soap. Five ounces may be put in each bag, which should be made large enough so that the mixture will have plenty of room to swell and will serve only for one bath.

Woman Holds National Bank.

Miss Catherine Willets of Lima, Ind., has been elected president of La-grange (Ind.) National Bank. She had served as vice president, the position held by her father before his death, and her choice as president was pure-

imitation than the black and white fur.

The brilliantly colored little hats of the winter are like jewels set atop of the head.

Gowns of light-colored broadcloth are among the most pronounced features of the season.

Gauze with a wide satin stripe, in white or colors, is a new nicety for evening frocks.

A charming bonnet for a gray-haired woman is of dull silver lace, trimmed with silver grapes.

It is said that next summer silk waists with sashes to match will be worn with lace skirts.

A deep hem of gold or silver in the drop skirt, showing through the filmy outer skirt, is a new idea.

If you have any bits of fine old lace, carry them to the milliner and have them made into an evening hat.

Silk stockings in heavy winter weight are something new. They come in changeable shades of green, rose, blue, violet and all the hues of this gay-colored winter.

Growing Young Again.

At 40 she had lost her trim, fine figure. At 50 she was really old. At 60 she was fat, pudgy, misshapen, wrinkled. At 65 she was still more so; while her appetite had become inordinate, yet she had always prided herself on being "temperate—never drank a drop." But at this age she began to look into physical culture, and, being a woman of good mind, was not long in discovering that for thirty years at least she had been eating vastly too much, exercising too little, and breathing in the contracted fashion common to the average person of either sex.

She began to gradually reduce her diet, after a while dispensed with coffee, but never quite gave up tea, was much out of doors, learned to breathe deeply, and became a devotee to physical exercise. At 75 she was once more trim in form and figure without lacing, for she dresses loosely so that her sides may act like bellows when she takes deep breathing, and walks with a light elastic step. The wrinkles are still there and her hair is gray, but thicker than before, and is no longer falling out. Her eye is as clear as a girl's, and her mind thoroughly alert. She is a remarkable old lady, in her friends' estimation, but she says there is noth-

stains and grease spots should be removed. The following methods will be found successful, and will not injure or destroy the fabric:

Embroidered Linen Waist.

The wash shirt waist is an all-year-round favorite, as attested by the designs to be seen in all of the smart shops. Here is sketched a pretty model in heavy white linen, with a vest of the same material, laid in wide tucks and finished by bands of embroidery. The



opening is effected under a strip of the same trimming, of which the belt and cuffs also are formed.

Women Workers.

The census returns show that 5,000,000 and more women are employed in the nation's industrial life. There are now three times as many women stenographers as there were ten years ago, while the number of women bookkeepers and accountants has doubled. The percentage of saleswomen also shows a corresponding increase.

NEW RULER OF DENMARK.

Frederick VIII. is now king of Denmark. The new ruler, who ascends the throne in his sixty-second year, bears the weight of his years lightly, and is almost as popular with the people of Denmark as was his father. By the wish of his parents, he was brought up with great simplicity and his earlier education was obtained at the town grammar school, for not until he was 10 years old was the difficult question of his father's succession to the Danish throne finally settled.

It was Frederick's curious fate to see his younger brother and his own son become reigning monarchs of Greece and Norway respectively, while he himself was still an heir-apparent.

The new queen, Louise, is reputed to be the tallest and richest princess in Europe. She is a handsome woman, of the blonde type, and reflects the beauty of her famous grandmother, Desirée Clary, the tradesman's daughter, who captured Bonaparte and married Marshal Bernadotte, who subsequently became king of Sweden and Norway.

The queen inherited large fortunes both from Prince Frederick of the Netherlands and Prince Charles of Sweden. Nevertheless, she and her husband have adhered to the simplicity characteristic of the Danish court, showing the nation the happy spectacle of a united couple living on terms of the closest affection and sympathy

KNEW ONLY ONE KIND.



Settlement Worker—In our church we have a man who plays a great big organ. I want you children to come up and hear him.

One of Her Hearers—An' does yer have a monkey wit' a red coat on ter pass de hat around?

with their eight children. Though they have paid many visits to foreign courts, they are essentially a home-keeping couple when compared with most other royal personages.

Primitive Postal Facilities.

The inhabitants of the Island of St. Kilda have to rely upon a novel postal conveyance. Letters are packed in cotton wool covered by tarred canvas and placed in a tin. The bundle is then attached to an inflated sheepskin bag, acting as a buoy, together with a wooden float with the words "St. Kilda Mail; Please Open," roughly cut on it.

Recently a "mail" was picked up in Shetland which had been 62 days on its passage from St. Kilda, and when opened, was found to contain two letters and eight postcards, together with 1s. for postage. These letters were in due course forwarded to their respective destinations by the postoffice at Lerwick.

A Matter of Hooks.

"Is your mistress at home?"
"She will be if you'll come back in about three minutes, ma'am. I'm just hooking her up."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE ENTERPRISE

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E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1906.

The citizens of Redwood have extended an invitation to all the people of San Mateo to participate in celebrating the National anniversary, July 4th, at Redwood City on the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of San Mateo county. It is fitting, proper that all old settlers and newcomers should unite to commemorate the half century of San Mateo county's existence. The people of this youngest city of this fifty-year-old county will be there in force, and join in making the celebration the greatest in this county's history.

WATER COMPANY MAKES THREATS.

San Mateo, March 8.—The Board of Trustees and the San Mateo Water Company have locked horns over rates, and the controversy promises to be one of the most bitter ever waged in the history of the town. The water company, which is owned by William J. Dingee, has announced that it has decided to establish a certain schedule of rates independent of what the Trustees may think or do. These rates will be materially in advance of those now in effect both to public and private consumers. In answer to the threat that the Board of Trustees may fix a schedule of rates not to the liking of the San Mateo Water Company the resident representative of Mr. Dingee replies that the water to the town may be shut off and the city left without protection against fire.

The San Mateo Water Company, through its superintendent, W. C. Losh, has presented a summary of its demands to the Board of Trustees. In outline these demands call for an increase of water rates from 25 2/3 cents a thousand gallons to 30 cents a thousand gallons. The higher figure was formerly in operation and gave much dissatisfaction. Not only this, the company announces that the meter system will be introduced without delay throughout the city. Not more than one-fourth of the resident water consumers now have meters, the others paying a flat rate, which will be abolished.

The San Mateo Water Company insists also that the rate on the fifty-five hydrants now in use must be increased from 25 cents to \$1 each a month. In this connection the company agrees to buy the hydrants, paying \$150 for them, but whether the city or the company owns them the same rate must be paid.

While the company makes these demands it promises to make certain improvements and betterments in its plant. New wells will be bored and a new pumping plant installed. The threat that water will be shut off if the company's demands are not acceded to is not taken seriously here, although it has aroused a great deal of discussion. Any action of the water company looking to the injury of the town would be stopped at once.—S. F. Call.

After reading the above, the water consumers of our town may congratulate themselves over water rates. This place has the lowest rates in this portion of California. The Land and Improvement Company has from the foundation of this town pursued a broad and liberal policy in all matters touching the improvement and development of the town. The company puts in all hydrants, puts in water mains and lays water pipes to the lot line ready for connection by the lot owner. The company also puts in the meters. The charge fixed to water consumers is extremely low, being 25 cents per one thousand gallons.

The company has already 72 hydrants and is now putting in a main on Commercial avenue, from Maple to Magnolia avenues, supplying water for fire and domestic purposes, for all the houses and householders in blocks 93, 100, 118 and 119. This extension will require the addition of eight fire hydrants, making the total number of such hydrants 80.

MISSION WEEK.

At the Roman Catholic Church, on Sunday, March 11th, Father Newell O. P. opened his mission, which lasted for one week. He first read the lesson for the day, taken from the First Epistle of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, Chapter IV: "For this is the will of God your sanctification; that you should abstain from fornication; and that no man overreach nor circumvent his brother in business, because the Lord is the avenger of all these things as we have told you before and have testified."

The gospel for the day, taken from Matthew VII, was then read: "And after six days Jesus taketh unto him Peter, and James, and John his brother and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart, and his face did shine as the sun, and his garments became white as snow."

The sermon, which was then delivered by the eloquent missionary, was intended as a preface to his missionary work. It is in part as follows: "All-wise men of every religious de-

nomination agree in stating that we must live according to the facts of life. That we must work to bring the forces of nature to the use of man, that we must live in moderation so that we shall best conserve our energies, that we must preserve our family relations so that civilization may be preserved; these are all facts of life. But the material necessities of man are only half the facts of life. There is in every person an aspiration for a higher life, the spiritual life, and we see that those who are unacquainted with the Revelations of Holy Writ have invented various religions to satisfy the longings of the soul. We have these Revelations to guide us in our longing for immortality. The spiritual side is then one of the facts of life and we must never forget this great study, by which our happiness in the next world is determined, as well as, to a great extent, our happiness in this world. If we make the material things of this world and its pleasures our sole object in life we will find that we will be much disappointed, as humanity is so constituted that toward the eve of life the power of enjoyment becomes less and less. The miser who makes money his god while he has youth and strength goes to his old age thoroughly disappointed. He threw away the pleasures of charity and locked up his heart against the generous teachings of Christ, and the feeling lies heavy on his soul that his life has been in vain. The man or woman who follows the material pleasures of life to excess, or who enjoys these pleasures contrary to the law of God, will have but Dead Sea fruit to pluck at the end of life. I speak now to the boys and girls, to the young men and the young women. God rejoices when people are happy in innocent and generous amusement. We see Christ assisting at the wedding in Cana of Galilee. But he lays down the philosophy of the Christian life when he says: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things will be added."

FRATERNAL ORDERS.

U. A. O. D.

Sunday last the Druids of South San Francisco, as well as those of the outside world, must have been impressed with a true sense of what we are and aim to be in the fraternal world. That Druidism has taken root in our midst cannot be gainsaid; and like the emblematic oak is taking firm hold on its surroundings. The Groves planted here are being looked after and cared for by visiting Druids in such force that hereafter if storm and wind assail them it will but cause its roots to take a firmer hold on the soil, while its leaves will prove a source of healing to many who have felt the brightness and warmth that emanates from hearts filled with Druidic life.

Truly, March 11th was Druids day in South City. Visiting brothers came at the invitation of officers and members of Golden Eagle Grove, No. 173, for the purpose of conferring the degrees on a large class of applicants for membership. The special suburban car conveying the visiting brothers from San Francisco, including the drill team of Old Friends Grove, arrived here at 12:30 p. m. and received a warm reception. Work was commenced promptly at 1:30. The Grove was opened in due form by the local officers in the presence of 150 visiting brothers, after which the Old Friends drill team took the floor. The beautiful work did not lose any of its impressiveness in the hands of the banner drill team of California, who gave a perfect rendition of the Druidic ritual in its amplified form. The second degree won all hearts, realistic, impressive, it will live in our memory. It was like a splendid jewel in a fine setting, perfect and complete. The hearty rounds of applause that greeted the team when the "Druidic meaning of unity, peace and concord was expounded showed the appreciation of the company present.

Following the Grand Noble Arch of California, W. G. Antonovich, extended congratulations to the members of Golden Eagle Grove, expressing his pleasure in being present to witness the work of the drill team and of meeting the Grove for the first time in his official capacity, referred to the immense increase of members during his term of office, concluding by wishing the Grove prosperity.

J. F. Martini, Supreme Arch of the order, gave an interesting address, which was listened to with marked attention.

Supreme Representative C. A. Guglielmoni roused the members to the highest enthusiasm by his practical remarks relative to the order and its work, especially the work Golden Eagle Grove must perform to make its working a success.

The Noble Arch of the drill team, in a neat speech, complimented the Grove on the quantity and quality of the newly made members and predicted a successful future.

Brother Conrad of the Past Arch Chapter made the speech of the evening. An orator of no mean repute, he figuratively rolled back the tide of time to that period when the ancient Druids were a power in every land as priests, doctors, lawgivers and historians. They filled the principal positions and controlled the destinies of nations, and even now the oldest order in the world is coming into its own. At the present rate of increase in membership, should it continue, the principles of unity, peace and concord will have a representative in every home.

District Deputy W. J. Savage of Colma delivered a short but effective speech, which was loudly cheered.

Brother Imwaller, on behalf of the Grand Noble Arch, conferred the Elvin Degree of Merit on Brother Geo. Wallace; his response, well, just like George.

Brothers E. W. Laugenbach and E. La Roche responded for the new members. The lessons taught them during the ceremony of initiation deeply impressed them; with their present experience they regretted not having joined the order before, and promised to do all in their power to advance the interests of the order.

Then came the banquet provided for the visitors, and what a jolly time it was. At 7:30 p. m. the special car, loaded to the guards, started homeward, and thus a red letter day was added to local Druidic history.—H. E.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

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Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

Easterners Purchase Manganese Deposits

Ukiah.—Jerome B. Frank, a Colorado mining man, and W. O. Manson of San Francisco, representing an Eastern company, have purchased the manganese property between Redwood and Potter valleys, ten miles northeast of Ukiah. There are immense deposits of low grade manganese on the land and Frank and Manson are now here making arrangements to begin operations. The product will be shipped to Philadelphia. The six-mile wagon road necessary to reach the deposits is to be built at once. The owners state that 100 men and half that number of teams will be employed as soon as operations begin.

Finds Valuable Cache of Gold.

Brawley.—While working along the bank of the Alamo river Thomas O'Brien was astonished to find hidden under the crumbling bank a number of ingots which proved to be of gold. The weight of the lot was sixty pounds, and the estimated value is said to be in the neighborhood of \$10,000. The largest piece weighed over twenty pounds, the others ranging much smaller in size. It is thought that the ingots were left by robbers of the pioneer days, who afterward lost track of the hiding place. O'Brien is elated over his good fortune.

Old Bond May Bring Big Sum.

Worcester, Mass.—Herbert F. Morgan of Clinton has a \$20 Government bond of 1780 which was given to him last summer in Maine. The bond is 126 years old, and a rarity, and Morgan expects to realize \$12,000, which it is figured the bond is worth. Morgan says the bond was given him by a wealthy man named Gray. Gray is 95 years old, and a grandson of a former Mayor of Boston. In 1780 the family lent the Government \$10,000, taking bonds at 5 per cent. Morgan says Gray claims that he was too patriotic and wealthy to redeem them. Morgan will send his tithe to the Sub-Treasury at Boston.

Twenty Years for Murder.

Greensboro, N. C.—Dr. J. B. Matthews has been found guilty of the murder of his wife and was sentenced to the penitentiary for twenty years. The most sensational allegation at the trial of Matthews was that he had injected strychnine into his wife while she was ill and while pretending to be offering a prayer at her bedside.

Frozen During a Storm.

Adelia, Neb.—Mrs. Clinton Metz and two daughters, aged 6 and 8 years, were frozen to death during a storm. The husband was away from home at the time. The three were visiting at a brother's place and started home. They lost their way in a blizzard that came up and were found by neighbors after the storm.

Bank Wreckers Must Serve Time.

Denver, Colo.—The Supreme Court has denied the supercedas proceedings in favor of James A. Hill and Leonard Imboden, convicted of conspiracy to wreck the Denver Savings Bank, and the two bankers will be taken to Canon City at once to begin serving their sentence.

Lured to Woods and Robbed.

Kansas City.—E. G. Meegan, a railroad contractor of Camden, Mo., was lured to a secluded spot in the woods near Rosedale and robbed of \$5000 by three men. C. C. Miller of Oklahoma City was arrested for complicity in the crime. Meegan himself captured Miller. In Miller's pockets was found \$2900.

To Raise Postal Weight.

Berlin.—In the Reichstag Postmaster-General von Moltke remarked during the debate on the postal estimates that Germany would propose to raise the weight of simple letter postage to two-thirds of an ounce.

NEGROES INVITED TO WITNESS THE HANGING OF A MURDERER

Supervisors of a County in Louisiana Prepare an Object Lesson.

New Orleans.—Just as a gentle hint to the darkies to be good, the Board of Supervisors of Chickasaw county is making arrangements for a spectacular hanging, to which all negroes of the surrounding country have special invitations.

The darkies of that parish have been transgressing frequently during the past few months, and the Commissioners have decided that an object lesson is necessary. Peter Evans, who has been found guilty of murder, will therefore be hanged publicly at Houston on April 10th. As the jail yard was found to be too small to accommodate all the negroes of the neighborhood, a vacant brickyard has been secured for the occasion.

Boycott Affects Wheat Growers.

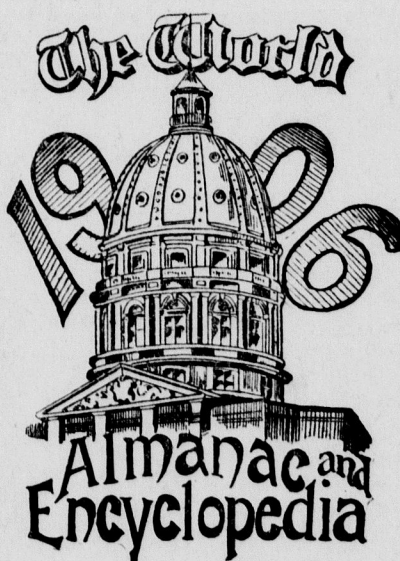
Stockton.—The Chinese boycott against American goods is hitting the wheat growers of this section, the Stockton flour mills and those engaged in river transportation. The price of flour was cut 10 cents a barrel last week, and the price of milling wheat has been declining steadily for some time. There is practically no trading and has been none of any consequence for several weeks. The mill owners do not like to admit that the Chinese boycott is responsible for the condition. Stewart P. Elliott, manager of the Stockton Milling Company, said that the shipments of flour from Stockton across the Pacific had decreased 50 per cent in the last two years, despite the fact that the shipments of flour to the Philippines and to Japan have almost doubled within those two years. "Two years ago," said Elliott, "the Stockton mills were shipping from 8000 to 10,000 tons of flour a year to the Orient, and now this city is shipping but 4000 tons a year."

Minister Goes to Prison.

San Jose.—Rev. A. W. Bloom has been sentenced to serve eighteen months in San Quentin for stealing the horse and buggy of Constable McComb of Mountain View last fall. Bloom, before receiving his sentence, made a lengthy speech, in which he declared his innocence.

High Tides Cause Great Loss.

Antwerp.—High tides destroyed wharves and flooded warehouses here. The damage is estimated at several millions of dollars.



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PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

ELECT U. S. SENATORS BY POPULAR VOTE.

By Hon. John Sharp Williams.



JOHN S. WILLIAMS.

I favor the election of Senators by popular vote in their respective States. The constitution provides two methods for its amendment. One is when two-thirds of each house of Congress submits an amendment to the people. A constitutional amendment to require the popular election of Senators will never be passed that way, for the simple reason that the Senate will never concur. The only way that it can be passed is by three-fourths of the States acting in that way, in a convention called for that purpose. Whether that will be done or not the public is as good a judge as I.

In my own part of the country Senators are already substantially elected by the people. Party primaries are held and a majority is required; if there is only a plurality in the first primary, another is held between the two highest candidates, so that there shall be a majority, and the man elected by the majority of the people is the nominee of his party, and his election acts as an instruction to the Senators and the members of the House of the State Legislature. A man would no sooner think of violating it than an elector would think of violating his pledge for a certain presidential ticket.

RESTRICTING WOMEN'S CLOTHES.

By G. Barnard Shaw.



The opera management at Covent Garden regulates the dress of its male patrons. When is it going to do the same to the women? On Saturday night I went to the opera. I wore the costume imposed on me by the regulations of those regulations. Evening dress is cheap, simple, durable, prevents rivalry and extravagance on the part of male leaders of fashion, annihilates class distinctions, and gives men who are poor and doubtful of their social position (that is, the great majority of men) a sense of security and satisfaction that no clothes of their own choosing could confer, besides saving a whole sex the trouble of considering what they should wear on state occasions.

But I submit that what is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose. Every argument that applies to the regulation of the man's dress applies equally to the regulation of the woman's. At 9 o'clock a lady came in and sat down very conspicuously in my line of sight. She remained there until the beginning of the last act. I do not complain of her coming late and going early; on the contrary I wish she had come later and gone earlier. For this lady, who had very black hair, had stuck over her right ear the pitiable corpse of a large white bird, which looked exactly as if some one had killed it by stamping on its breast, and then nailed it to a lady's temple, which was presumably of sufficient solidity to bear the operation. I am not, I hope, a morbidly squeamish person; but the spectacle sickened me. I presume that if I had presented myself at the doors with a dead snake round my neck, a collection of black beetles pinned to my shirt front and a grouse in my hair I should have been refused to be allowed to commit such a public outrage. Had the lady been refused admission, as she should have been, she would have soundly rated the tradesman who imposed the disgusting headress on her under the false pretense that "the best people" wear such things, and withdrawn her custom from him; and thus the root of the evil would be struck at; for your fashionable woman generally allows herself to be dressed according to

the taste of a person whom she would not let sit down in her presence.

I suggest to the Covent Garden authorities that if they feel bound to protect their subscribers against the danger of my shocking them with a blue tie, they are at least equally bound to protect me against the danger of a woman shocking me with a dead bird.

WHY WOMAN'S PAY IS LOW.

By Florence Fife.



The period between the average girl's "high school days" and the time that she is old enough to take up the responsibilities of life must be filled in some way, and she therefore searches for employment. She knows what an older brother earns. In many cases she has received a better and more finished education, and believes she is better adapted to a certain line of work than he is. Picture her disappointment when she learns that she will be paid but half of his salary.

A young woman who returned to Chicago fresh from an Eastern college called upon a certain lawyer and applied for a position as correspondent. Knowing that several men were earning \$25 a week for doing the same work, the woman applicant asked for the same amount.

"Why, that is all we pay the men. If we have to pay the same wages we will hire a man," exclaimed the astonished lawyer. "The men who take positions here expect to spend their life in the business, and all of the time which we use in teaching them we expect to be entirely repaid in their after years of service. With a woman it is different. She will be with us a few months, or at best a few years, then leaves to get married. It does not pay us to hire a woman when we can get a man at the same wages."

On the other hand, there are many means of earning a livelihood that are open to women where they are welcome, and are paid as much, if not more, than men. Physicians have learned that only a woman's hand can soothe the nervous patient, and that only the woman's voice is welcome in the sick room. For this reason women nurses are paid high salaries, and the man who ventures to become a nurse finds that his services are in little demand.

LACK OF SELF-CONTROL.

By A. Ainsworth.



"Clothed with a little brief authority," it is the belief of petty souls that they must show their power by blustering around and cowering their underlings. That this is a trait of a weak mind does not seem to be known to them. It is the mark of a coward and bully, taking advantage of his position to impress his servitors.

No man can get the best out of his people, nor attach them to him for loyal service, when he treats them with such utter lack of respect either for himself or them. He who would govern others must first control himself. Calmness begets coolness, and he who loses his head cannot expect those around him to retain self-possession.

The leader of men knows better than to confuse the minds of his people by exaggerating trifles. Such a person is usually liked by all fair minded people, and those under him are loyal and strive to serve his interests. This man either by intuition or reason studies psychology, understands the power of one mind over another, and bestows judicious praise and is chary of blame, condemning with justice and only when he has to do so. His own coolness pervades his staff of assistants, and they are thus better able to plan and really achieve greatest results. Such men are said to "get more work out of others" than do many who seem better equipped for the task.

WOMEN'S LOVE FOR ANIMALS.

Strange Ways in Which This Is Shown in Paris.

It is because man has become so callous and engrossed in business that he can no longer give the necessary caring attention to woman that she thinks is her due that she now goes to animals for it? Woman wants to show affection as well as to receive it, and we read here that a woman whom Dr. Magnin impolitely called degenerate had adopted a turtle which was cruelly treated by a former master, and which she placed in the warmest corner of her bed to nurse it and cure it of a cold which she was afraid would turn into consumption, says the Brooklyn Eagle. She was sorry to learn that no specialist exists to cure turtles of tuberculosis, which she regards as one of the things lacking in civilized countries. I do not know that woman with the turtle, but I do know the woman about whom I shall tell a "dog story." She has a private house for the comfort of ten or twelve dogs that she cares for better than that she would for her own children, if she had any. When she is away in Paris the maid sends a telegram to her every day, letting her know of the state of health of the dogs. A veterinary is paid to visit them once a week, and he has carte blanche for expenses for medicine, or for anything which a dog needs to cure a cold or to destroy anything that grows that might inconvenience these puppies "in clover." Just now the favorite lapdog of Miss M. is ill with bronchitis and the veterinary calls twice a day to see the dog. She watches it, nurses it night and day, buys chickens for broth, to see if Thetete will not take some, and possibly condescend to take a bite from the wing.

The habit of having animals instead of children for pets is not only foolish, but animals transmit their diseases to man. It has been proven now that dogs can transmit tuberculosis. Catching it from one human being, they can give it to others. The taenial echinococcus in the dog transmits its eggs to man, finds a home in his liver, decomposes it, transforms it into a liquid tumor, which, in medical phrase, is called "hydatid cyst." Must not all of us come to the conclusion that human creatures are heirs to enough diseases, without catching those ordinarily confined to animals? The brute world is one of the most beautiful works of the Creator, but should it not be left in its place, as everything else is? There is no doubt that such intense individual love of animals is one of the serious symptoms of degeneracy in man.

FAMOUS NATURAL BRIDGE AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.



The famous Natural bridge, located about forty miles from Lynchburg, Va., which has been involved in litigation for some time, is to be sold. The entire property consists of 680 acres and a syndicate is trying to get possession of it for the purpose of exploiting it as the greatest American wonder. It is a wonderful natural formation, rich in historic associations. George Washington, when a young surveyor in the employ of Lord Fairfax, carved his name high up on one of the sides. It was once the property of Thomas Jefferson. John Marshall called it "God's greatest miracle in stone."

Well the congregation has become so fashionable that it won't stand for the old name any longer. It wants something modern.

"What will they call it?"

"I don't know, but I should think the Church of the Holy Limit would be about right."—Puck.

Desert "Amen" Corner.
Republican politicians have about given up appearing in the famous "amen corner" of the Fifth avenue hotel, New York. For more than a generation it was the haunt of men powerful in the party named, but factional troubles have scattered the leaders into various other resorts.

Light Trifling.
"Doctor, are the majority of people in the insane asylum blondes?"
"What a silly question."
"Not at all, when you stop to consider that blondes are naturally light-headed."—Baltimore American.

Pay for Church-Goers.
At Fullbourn, England, the poor receive sixpence each for regular church attendance.

What an offensive thing the other man's memory is! It recalls your age and can't recall any of your good deeds.

QUEER STORIES

The soil of Cuba is extremely fruitful. Cabbages there are so large that heads weighing twenty pounds are common. All vegetables do well. Radishes may be eaten from fourteen to eighteen days after sowing, lettuce in five weeks after sowing, while corn produces three crops per year. Sweet potatoes grow all the year.

A strange wedding custom is observed in the Tyrol. When a bride is about to start for the church her mother gives her a handkerchief, which is called a tearkerechief. It is made of newly-spun linen, and with it the girl dries the tears she sheds on leaving home. The tearkerechief is never used after the marriage day, but is folded and placed in the linen closet, where it remains till the owner's death.

Corean currency exists in various grades—first, government nickels; second, first-class counterfeits; third, medium counterfeits; fourth, counterfeits that pass only after dark. Civilization has not served Corea well in this regard that Japanese neighbors are clever counterfeiters. In earlier days Coreans used small shells as currency. They were probably better suited to the needs of the hermits than nickel coins.

A curious test of the atmosphere was tried in the French Senate recently. General Billot complained of a headache at a recent session and attributed it to gas given off by the heating apparatus. The engineer was unable to find any defect in the apparatus. Recourse was had to a "bird test." Bengale birds are reputed to be very easily asphyxiated. One was hung in a cage for eight hours over the fauteuil in which General Billot contracted the headache. As the bird was lively at the end of that period, the atmosphere was pronounced pure.

A curious phenomenon connected with the present unsettled condition of household employment in this country is the migration of domestic workers. Colored girls migrate northward, leaving the housewife of the South to import her "help" from Europe, as is being done in Valdosta, Ga., where a movement is on foot to bring over German women by way of New York to enter Georgia households. Dallas, Tex., is engaged in a similar enterprise, its object being to induce Scandinavian girls to immigrate to Texas. An arrangement has been made with certain San Francisco employment offices to send Japanese houseworkers to a city of the Middle West.

That sanguine evolutionary prophet, H. G. Wells, has pictured for us England covered with a network of roads of different kinds—pedestrians, bicyclists, horseback riders, trucks, carriages, slow motors, fast motors, racing motors, all in their proper places, and London emptying itself into the country swiftly and without confusion of friction. This beautiful fancy picture will probably not come true in our day, but motorists will take heart at the news of plans for the first road for the exclusive use of automobiles. The road from London to Brighton is prodigiously used during the season, and the additional highway will no doubt be a welcome relief.

On Salary.
Unaffected by rotation in office, one group of government employees holds its position through all the storm and stress of party change. Independent of political influence or "pull," this little band performs its work in the peaceful certainty that nothing short of incompetency will cause a dismissal. The New York Sun gives an account of the postoffice cat brigade.

The brigade is one of the queer institutions of the postoffice building. It numbers about fifty extra good ratters—of all ages, sizes and colors, which roam night and day the large subcellars where the mail sacks are deposited.

The up-keep of the brigade is provided for in a special annual appropriation by Congress. The cats kill thousands of rats every year. Their salary is raw meat, which is fed to them every morning, just enough to keep them in fighting temper and yet leave an appetite.

Big Tom is the captain of the post-office cat police force. He holds his office by natural right, for he is fully two feet long and weighs fifteen pounds. He is continually on the watch to see that his cohorts are on post.

Occasionally one of them wearies of the constant night that reigns in the subcellars and slips upstairs. Then Tom is seen on one of his rare excursions in the upper world. When the deserter is found the chief darts at him. After a moment of scratch, spit and yowl, the guilty one tucks his tail between his legs and goes trotting back to the subcellars and his duty.

Hard Luck.
Mr. Kidder—You must be very discouraged.
Miss E. Zee—Why?
Mr. Kidder—It's several months since you read your graduation essay, and Mr. Roosevelt has not taken your advice on how to run the country yet.—Baltimore Herald.

Easy Remedy.
"A lady whose hair is falling out writes to ask what she shall do with it," said the snake editor. "Tell her to throw it away," replied the receipt editor.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

One thing about a big fat woman: She is never accused of having a Madonna-like expression.

The Taking Cold Habit

The old cold goes; a new one quickly comes. It's the story of a weak throat, weak lungs, a tendency to consumption. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral breaks up the taking-cold habit. It strengthens, soothes, heals. Ask your doctor about it.

"I had a terrible cold, and nothing relieved me. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and it promptly broke up my cold, stopped my cough, and eased every part of my body. It did wonderful work for me."—MR. J. F. LUTZ, Toledo, Ohio.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of PILLS. Sarsaparilla. HAIR VIGOR.

Keep the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills. Just one pill each night.

Growth of the Steam Engine.

In 1805 the world had not a single steamship on the ocean, a single mile of railway on land, a single span of telegraph upon the continent or a single foot of cable beneath the ocean. In 1905 it has 18,000 steam vessels, 500,000 miles of railway and more than 1,000,000 miles of land telegraph, while the very continents are bound together in instantaneous communication by more than 200,000 miles of ocean cables, and the number of telephone messages sent aggregates 6,000,000,000 annually and one-half of them in the United States alone.

We desire to draw the reader's attention to the Idaho-Nevada Mines and Exploration Co.'s ad in another column of this paper. The company is ably represented by W. E. L'Hane of Covelo, Cal., an efficient mining expert, who made a brilliant record for himself and considerable money for his associates through investments in Idaho gold mines. Another check for \$5000 has arrived recently and was duly distributed among those who backed him in his mining venture a short time ago. This makes to date a total profit of \$10,000 on an original investment of a few hundred dollars, which we consider very good. Mr. L'Hane owns other valuable mining properties in the richest part of Idaho's mineral belt that promise to become great dividend producers. To facilitate success he has organized the Idaho-Nevada Mines and Exploration Co., of which he is Secretary and General Manager. The company comes highly recommended, and is now offering the first allotment of stock to the public. With the management's splendid record this will prove an unusual good opportunity to the careful investor.—Covelo Review.

Exorbitant.
"I tell you what," said the man who did the family marketing, "the price of beef is something fierce these days."
"That's what!" exclaimed the amateur sportsman. "I shot a cow a couple of weeks ago and the farmer charged me something frightful."—Philadelphia Press.

A reward of fame and money awaits him who supplies our needs with something better—as "Old Gilt Edge Whisky," Wichman, Lutgen & Co., 29-31 Battery street, S. F., sole proprietors.

Facts in the Case.
"How many times did Dr. Squills call on you?" asked the inquisitive friend.
"Seventeen," replied Slopay. "Twice professionally and fifteen times in the guise of a bill collector."

Ask for Miller's Milwaukee Beer. Best in the market. Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco, agents.

Dr. Laurence I. Flick, an expert on tuberculosis, is planning an international convention, to be held in Washington in 1908.

FERRY'S SEEDS

Make sure a yield of quantity and quality. When your father planted Ferry's, they were the best on the market, but they have been improved ever since. We are experts in flower and vegetable seeds. 1906 Seed Annual, beautifully illustrated, free to all applicants. D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

Do you want to make money or lay the foundation for an income for life?

If so investigate our proposition and become convinced that we have one of the best offerings in mining stocks today. The Idaho-Nevada Mines and Exploration Co., of Weiser, Idaho, owns free of debt exceedingly valuable claims in the Marshall Lake section of Thunder Mountain, Idaho. Ore values run from \$10 to \$250 in ton lots. One shoot proven for eleven hundred feet. Working tunnel gives one thousand feet of stopping ground. Millions in sight! Fine timber and water. All funds will be expended in development work. First offering of stock of 100,000 shares at 10c per share now on the market. Avail yourself of this ground floor offering at once as this issue will soon be taken and no more stock can be had at this price. Don't delay, for we have a winner! Write for credentials by highest state official, and prospectus. Address: W. E. L'Hane, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr., Idaho-Nevada Mines and Exploration Co., Lock Box 15, Covelo, Cal.

5 Per Cent GOLD BONDS
Why accept a lower rate of interest from savings banks when we own and offer for sale \$250,000 of the \$1,000,000 issue of the Mount Hood Electric Co. (Portland, Oregon) 20 year Gold Bonds, paying 5%, secured by a First Mortgage on \$9,000,000 worth of property. Safest investment available. Write for particulars. THE BANK OF AMERICA, San Francisco, Cal.

Burton, Howard E., Assayer and Chemist, Leadville, Colorado. Specimen Prices: Gold, Silver, Lead, H.C. Gold, Silver, Zinc, Copper, Zinc or Copper \$1.00. Cyanide Tests, Mailing Envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Empire Work Solicited. Reference: Carbonate National Bank.

THE COURT OF LAST RESORT.

THE Montreal express set me down at Whallonsville one stormy November night. Although unusual for that train to stop, the conductor had orders from the superintendent of the railroad to let me off.

The station was closed and dark. The weather was portentous of rain. Masses of clouds drifted across the sky, the moon dodging fitfully behind them. By surroundings were alternately black or gray.

I stood at the station, watching the vanishing lights of the train. My resolution was due to doubts of finding shelter. I had before me a twenty-mile drive to the scene of a murder, for which an early morning start was imperative.

A path led into a tangle of brush; following it I emerged into the open upon a narrow foot bridge. Midway on that structure the moon disclosed like a silhouette, a man's figure leaning against the rail. His gaze was directed downward into a gorge, noisy with the roar of a mountain torrent. Summer tourists familiar with the Au Sable region will recall "The Black Pool," into which a stream plunges over a ledge of rock. The gorge is dimly repellent, by day or night.

Approaching the spectral man, I asked to be directed to a shelter for the night. He did not at once reply, but regarded me with suspicion. Indistinct as were his features, in the gray haze, I knew him to be aged and, when he spoke, his voice proved him native to the locality.

"How'd ye git here, mister?" he finally asked.

I explained that the train had been stopped for me.

"What ye done on the keers that they put ye off on 'em?"

"I wasn't put off," I explained. "I travel for a living—am a newspaper correspondent."

"Oh! I thought mebbe ye'd like 'other feller'—a remark I did not understand; but I renewed my request to be directed to a stopping place for the night. After he had again looked me over, the native said:

"I mout tek ye meself, ef I hedn't 'm a' ready."

When I again urged the stranger to give me shelter he added: "I'll do es well es I ken by ye, 'cause no wimmin

folks up ter my house, 'cause my wife is dead, an' I never did have no childer. But, say, I got a man up there I pulled outen this here pool less 'an two hours ago! He's done nothin' sence but moan an' cry. I couldn't stan' him no longer, so I toddled down here. I'm kinder glad ye've come, for I hate to be alone with that chap all night."

My prospective host led the way across the bridge and up a hillside path. As we climbed he grew more talkative.

"I was a-comin' up from the pos-oless to-night," he chattered, "was walkin' slow, fer I'm gettin' long in years an' hev pains in my legs. Jes' es I com' nigh that bridge I see a feller path down the clift an' the swirl



"I AM A NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT."

in a splash in the water below. I hev been in these 'ere mountings, boy and man, for seventy year an' knowed the path down the clift, an' the swirl in that pool—where it carries a floatin' body. Forgettin' I was more'n ten years old, I got down ther' in no time. I watched fer 'im. W'en he come nigh I pulled 'im to the ledge, where I was. Part by carryin' but more by draggin' of 'im I got the poor feller up this 'ere road to the house. Ther' I took the wet duds offen him and sot him afore the fire. He kep his eyes on the floor, an' his face in his hands. I had no stimulous to give him, bein' temperance; but, I meant to cheer him up a bit by askin' 'Why d' ye want ter die?'

"He didn't pay no 'tention—only kep' lookin' at the floor. 'Ye ain't ye, yit.'"
"He turned his face at me; an' I see 'im good, for the first time. His

eyes was holler; his cheeks so wasted an' pale I was afeared he'd die right ther'." I was jess goin' ter say somethin' comfortin' when he snarled: "Shet up, ye ol' fool!" Say, what d'ye think of that?"

Before I could reply we entered the house.

In the middle of the room, seated in front of the glowing logs, was the rescued man. The hollow-eyed stranger raised his emaciated face and spoke.

"Look here, my good man," he began. "You made a mistake! Why did you interfere?"

"At yer time of life, no man ought ter want to go to the other world," replied the native.

"How do you know?" was the angry retort, as the unknown got upon his feet.

"I didn't mean ter interfere with Providence," said our host, apologetically.

"Or justice?" asked the man, in a low voice.

"Certainly not!" with emphasis.

"Come here, then!" commanded he of the hollow voice. "I'll state my case. You shall be a court of last resort!"

The two men drew apart and stood by a window. In tones so low that not a word was audible to me, the wretched one made his plea. The lines upon the face of the mountaineer grew rigid, as the narrative progressed.

When the stranger had finished, the native went to the chair upon which hung the man's clothing, took the steaming coat therefrom, and helped him put it on. Next, he handed the wanderer his hat, opened the door and said:

"Ye were right. I hedn't ought ter interfere. May God hev mercy on yer soul!"

Accepting the verdict, the lost man vanished out that door, into the realm of eternal night.

And, at daylight, there was a body in the pool.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Treat for Her.

"Mr. Huggard caught me in the dark hall last evening and kissed me," said Miss Passay, with affected indignation. "Oh!" remarked Miss Pepprey, "I wouldn't blame him if I were you."

"You wouldn't blame him?"

"I say, 'If I were you.'"—Philadelphia Press.

The Age of Graft.

Young Mrs. Doughdust—Oh, Jack, baby spoke his first word to-day. He said "rake-off" as distinctly as you or father could.—Puck.

MARRIED WRONG MAN.

Instances in Which Women Have Wedded Lover's Double.

A strange case of matrimonial fraud lately occurred at Vienna. A woman of the lower middle class married a man whom she took to be a Herr Weiss, her fiance, returning after a year's absence in America to make her his wife. In less than a month he robbed her of her savings and then suddenly disappeared. A month after she received a letter from America regretting that the writer had been too ill to return at the time agreed, but stating that he was about to sail and that immediately on his arrival would fulfill his promise by leading her to the altar. The letter was signed "Herrmann Weiss," says London Tit-Bits.

The poor woman was thrown into a sad condition of perplexity and apprehension, and her worst fears were realized when, on her correspondent's arrival, she recognized that she had been imposed upon by a callous impostor whose resemblance to the real simon pure was marvelously striking. It subsequently transpired that the genuine Herrmann Weiss had, while in America, foregathered with his double, who had ascertained sufficient of the former's history and prospects to enable him to carry out with success his base scheme of deception and heartless robbery.

When Claude Bonnat, a baker at Marseilles, was in hiding from the police, who held a warrant for his arrest on a serious charge, he managed to communicate with an acquaintance, one Leriot, who in every respect was his exact double, and conjured him on the strength of their old friendship to promise that, should any misfortune befall him, he would, by impersonating him—an easy enough task by reason of the striking resemblance existing between them—keep from the young woman to whom he was engaged the knowledge of her lover's shame. Leriot gave his promise, which sat but lightly on his conscience, as one to be kept or broken as whim might direct.

However, when Bonnat a day or two later fell into the hands of justice, Leriot sought out the young woman, of whom he had no previous knowledge, with the result that his susceptible heart was so touched that he entered into the fulfillment of his promise with surprising zest. So well, indeed, did he enact the role of Bonnat that he in a short while espoused the latter's fiancée. The couple led a life of complete happiness, which was in no wise dimmed when some years later, on the convict's release, the wife first discovered the fraud of which she had been the victim.

Had Her There.



Miss Flitely—Accept you, Mr. Grinly? Why, everybody regards you as a joke. Mr. Grinly—And they say you can always take a joke!

Never.

Goodart—Conceited? Oh, I don't know. I've often heard him say that he has the greatest respect for the man who knows more than he does, and— Wise—Yes, but how often have you heard him admit that there is such a man?—Philadelphia Press.

Pure Blood

Is certain if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

This great medicine cures those eruptions, pimples and boils that appear at all seasons; cures scrofula sores, salt rheum or eczema; adapts itself equally well to, and also cures, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles; cures rheumatism and catarrh; cures nervous troubles, debility and that tired feeling.

This is proved by thousands of testimonials, 40,366 by actual count in the last two years—a record unprecedented in the history of medicine.

Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla. Liquid or tablets, 100 Doses One Dollar.



Mrs. Helen L. Thompson of Lewiston, Me., reports great benefit to her little girl from Hood's Sarsaparilla, which thoroughly purified her blood after an attack of that blood-poisoning disease, scarlet fever. It gave her strength and renewed health. Thousands of others tell of similar cures, also cures of scrofula, salt rheum, eczema, etc.

Stray Cow's Act.

A stray cow, picked up by the police on the South Side, nearly put the officer out of business and created lots of fun for the urelins in the neighborhood. The cow was captured by the newly appointed subpolice, and, wishing to distinguish himself by an arrest, he determined to take the bovine to the station house. Procuring a rope, he fastened it to her horns and started down Cottage Grove avenue. The thoroughfare was slippery from a rainstorm, and in a liffy the policeman was sliding down the asphalt on his stomach, with the cow on a dead run. The officer was game and hung on to his captive for a square, when the boys headed the animal off. He landed his prisoner and then begged off for the night to clean up.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

No Business.

The friend of a young physician started for a little western town and promised to telegraph if the settlement appeared to be a good opening in the medical line. Some weeks later the physician received the following message:

"Come at once. All's well." To which the physician responded: "What's the use of coming if all's well? I had better locate where they're all sick."

His Drawback.

"Yes, I know he's very rich, but then there are drawbacks even to great riches."

"What do you mean?" "Why, we were all in camp at Lake O-s-s-i-p-p-e and he came down to stay over night. But I declare nobody could sleep a wink until daylight."

"What disturbed you?" "We thought it was somebody shouting through a megaphone."

"And what was that?" "It was Mr. Richleigh snoring!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Lazy Philosophy.

Mrs. Ascum—Doesn't that lazy husband of yours work for you at all?

Mrs. Jackson—"Deed, ma'am, he say he ain't gwine ter, kase he's a-tryin' to lib up to the bible teachin'."

Mrs. Ascum—What bible teaching? Mrs. Jackson—He say de bible done tell us dat "Contentment an' bettah dan great riches," so he des nacherly bound ter be contented.—Philadelphia Press.

A Minor Trouble.

"Did yo' beah 'bout our bad luck? No? De ol' man was smokin' in bed an' he set things afiah an' burnt de haidboard an' de pillers, an' de flashmen dey frowed water all ovah de feathah tick! I nevah did see no such a run of bad luck."

"An' what 'bout de ol' man?" "De ol' man? Oh, he was daid!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Libraries of Ancient Days.

So far as existing records show the oldest approximation to libraries was brought to light by the Assyrian discoveries in the form of Babylonish books inscribed on clay tablets. They are supposed to have been prepared for public instruction about 650 B. C. Ptolemy is said to have founded a library at Athens about 337 B. C., but there is no clear evidence to that effect. According to Strabo Aristotle was the first known collector of a library and bequeathed it to Theophrastus, B. C. 322, the library finally going to Rome.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. A. Hall*

Not Interested.

"This race problem is getting to be a very serious thing. Are you at all interested in it?"

"What's the use, when a fellow can never pick the winner?"—Baltimore American.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.



He put his arm around her waist. The color left her cheek. But upon the shoulder of his coat It showed up for a week.

Boundless.

Far and away stretched the waving grasses and the low hills. On and on wandered the little boy. He did not know where he was, and yet he did not weep.

He was a very brave little lad and a mere child withal, so that, although he had lost his bearings, was not alarmed.

For did he not have his nice new rubber ball with him? And would it not be fine to bounce it about over the hard, smooth ground?

Selecting a spot bare of grass he threw the ball down, with all his might. But it lay lifeless just where it had alighted.

Again the puzzled lad threw it down, but the resilient gutta percha spheroid lay dead and inert exactly as it had fallen.

Then, as the fearful truth broke upon the lad, he broke forth into wails of despair. He was on the boundless prairie.—Judge.

All He Needed.

"Don't you play any of the popular airs?" asked the man who was attending to the details of a convention.

"No," answered the leader. "This is a political band. We don't play anything but 'Hail to the Chief,' 'Star Spangled Banner' and 'He's a Jolly Good Fellow.'"—Washington Star.

In 1492.

Suddenly, while peering through his glasses, Columbus caught sight of land. "That," said he, turning to the man at the wheel, "is America."

"Which is it—North, Central or South America?" asked the boat chauffeur. "Hanged if I know," replied Chris. "I'll get my geography and look it up."—Chicago Daily News.

Plenty of Time.

They were discussing the canal. "I don't think," said one, "that Bigelow stayed down there long enough to learn anything about conditions." "Oh, I dunno," said another; "a man can get considerable bit up by fleas in less 'en twenty-four hours."

BOY RAN DOWN A FISH.

Feat of an Indian Lad in Capturing a Big Sturgeon.

The lake was rather on the window-pane order, that beautiful, smooth surface bending and cracking with metallic ring as the young Siwash glided swiftly along. The very pebbles of the bottom could be counted through the glassy ice as the rays of the morning sun gleamed through it and through the waters beneath it, says Field and Stream. Soon the long form of a basking sturgeon was seen. The great fish lay motionless, not far from shore. The Siwash skated over it. The sturgeon moved off slowly, the Indian keeping directly above. The fish gathered speed to escape the imminent threatening shadow. The pursuer skated swiftly along, following every turn of the quarry. The sturgeon now became panic-stricken and the chase was on in earnest. Out to the deeps, back to the shallows, sped the fish wildly, with every turn and curve and angle that the ingenuity of terror could suggest. The Indian skated magnificently, and matched speed for speed, turn for turn, angle for angle, with the fish. Skater and swimmer were always in a vertical line. For a full hour the chase kept up, the sturgeon now noticeably wearying, the Indian fresh as at the start.

Now the speed slackened, but the Indian's gliding form was still always directly above the fish. The sturgeon's struggles became spasmodic. Now he stopped motionless, but for the quick-beating gills; now he darted like lightning ten or a dozen yards. The Indian remorselessly dogged his victim. At last the fish turned upon his side, exhausted. The Indian cautiously sprawled flat upon the thin ice and tapped it sharply; another dart by the fish. Again the Indian lay down and tapped the ice. The flesh was too exhausted to respond. Now the Indian broke a small hole in the ice and plunged a long harpoon through the gills of the sturgeon. The blood issued in a red cloud, diffusing in the clear water; the violent struggles of the fish became weaker and weaker, till it floated dead beneath the ice. Then it was cut up and the skater dragged it away in triumph to the camp.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

As They Danced.

"Twas at a hop that he proposed; His heart went thump-thump-thump. But that same heart was true, and she Accepted at a jump."

MONEY BACK IF NOT CURED.

\$5 worth of TROUS guaranteed to cure RHEUMATISM or NEURALGIA. Will not injure stomach. Two sizes, \$1 and \$2.50. Get TROUS from your dealer or mailed promptly on receipt of price by Ruess Medicine Co., 365 Larkin St., San Francisco.

A Deep One.

The Ardent Elephant—Your beauty is skin-deep, darling. Miss Hippo—Oh, you wicked flatterer!—Puck.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 461 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

At the Hotel.

Guest—Didn't I telegraph for the best room in the house?

Clerk—Yes, sir.

Guest—Why didn't you save it for me?

Clerk—I've already given the best room in the house to fifty people to-night, and I thought you wouldn't like to be crowded.—Cleveland Leader.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures, hot, sweating, itching, swollen feet. Cures Corns, Ingrowing Nails and Bunions. All Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Natural Kind.

"I attended a series of 'al fresco' hops not long ago." "Is that a new fad of society?" "Oh, no; I was feeding a lot of sparrows."—Baltimore American.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES

Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Best Way to Plow.

Measure off a head and on each end of the field say as wide as the length of team and plow. Commence plowing at one side of the field one-half land from the fence, plowing back and forth, turning to the right and sliding plow on head land. When first land is done; measure off another land, skip it, go on and plow third land same as first, then plow second land turning to left. The object is plowing the third land before second is to avoid having so many center ridges and dead furrows, as you would if you took every land as it came. Keep on in this way until you get to the other side of the field, then plow head lands and you have the field nicely plowed without turning square corners, tramping horses heels, lifting plow or tramping plowed ground.

HE ATTENDS TO BUSINESS

who goes straight to work to cure

Hurts, Sprains, Bruises

by the use of

St. Jacobs Oil

and saves time, money and gets out of misery quickly. It Acts Like Magic. Price, 25c. and 50c.

SAVED FROM CATARRH OF LUNGS SO COMMON IN WINTER BY TAKING PE-RU-NA

Sore Throat Develops into Bronchitis. Mrs. Addie Harding, 121 W. Brighton Ave., Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been a user of Peruna for the past twelve years. With me it is a sure preventive of colds and many other ills."



Mrs. Addie Harding.

"Two or three times a year I am troubled with my throat, a kind of raw feeling, turning to bronchitis. I have had the services of my physician in each case. Two years ago, when I felt a spell coming I tried Peruna to check it, and to my delight was not troubled with the smothered and choking feeling and never have been since. I can check it every time with Peruna."



Mrs. Virginia Caviana.

Chronic Catarrh of Throat and Lungs. Mrs. Virginia Caviana, room 32, Cambridge Block, Portland, Ore., writes:

"I was a sufferer with catarrh of the throat and lungs for a long time before Peruna was recommended to me. I gave it a trial, although I thought at the time it would be just like other medicines and do me no good. I was pleased to find that my improvement began in less than two weeks and continued until I was entirely well. I gained nearly fifteen pounds, have a splendid appetite and am grateful for what your medicine has done for me."

How to Fool a Lazy Liver with Artificial Exercise

EVERY serious sickness has a small beginning. And, in nine cases out of ten that small beginning is made in the Bowels.

Indigestion is the beginning of most diseases.

It paves the way for all others. Lack of exercise, hasty eating, improper food, are its first causes.

Laziness, and postponement, permits it to grow into Chronic Constipation, which means life-long Discomfort.

It isn't necessary to be sick-a-bed, you know, in order to be mighty uncomfortable.

Even slight indigestion affects the nerves, dulls the mind, and obscures the merry sunshine of Life.

And, Indigestion once started, grows fast, corrodes temperament, and discounts happiness, good cheer, capacity.

It does that long before it puts you on the Sick List.

Every thinking Doctor knows why.

Professor Rand knew it.

That's why he framed up for students his famous formula for Happiness, viz.: "Trust in God, and keep your Bowels open."

The Bowels need adjustment from time to time, just like a clock, or a watch.

No "Good time" is humanly possible without this.

And, the time to adjust the watch is not when it has run down, nor when the main spring is broken, but at the very minute adjustment is discovered necessary.

The time to adjust the Bowels is not merely when your Head Aches, when your Liver is Sick, your Stomach in Revolt, and Nature's Food Process retarded for 24 hours or longer.

The proper time to adjust them is the very minute you suspect they need adjustment.

THERE IS NO SLICKER LIKE TOWER'S FISH BRAND

Forty years ago and after many years of use on the eastern coast, Tower's Waterproof Oiled Coats were introduced in the West and were called Slickers by the pioneers and cowboys. This graphic name has come into such general use that it is frequently though wrongly applied to many substitutes. You want the genuine. Look for the Sign of the Fish, and the name Tower on the buttons.

MADE IN BLACK AND YELLOW AND SOLD BY REPRESENTATIVE TRADE THE WORLD OVER. A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS. U.S.A. TOWER CANADIAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN.

ARE YOU A PRINTER?

We have five hundred pounds of this 11-point Old Style for sale at 20c per lb., laid in cases, F. O. B. San Francisco.

VALLEAU & PHILLIPS CO., 410 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.50 & \$3.00 SHOES FOR MEN

W. L. Douglas \$4.00 Cilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price.



W. L. DOUGLAS MAKES & SELLS MORE MEN'S \$3.50 SHOES THAN ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD.

\$10,000 REWARD to anyone who can improve this statement. I'll take you into my three large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you the intricate care with which every pair of shoes is made. You would realize why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe.

W. L. Douglas Strong Made Shoes for Men, \$3.50, \$2.00, Boys' School \$1.50, Dress Shoes, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.75, \$1.50. CAUTION—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. Take no substitute. Some genuine without his name and price stamped on bottom. Fast Color Eyelets used; they will not wear brass. Write for Illustrated Catalog.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

S. F. N. U. No. 11, 1906

WANTED

A bright man with a light team in your county. Steady work and good wages to right man. References required. For particulars address, KOCH V. T. CO., Box X, Winona, Minn.

RHEUMATISM CAN NOT BE RUBBED AWAY

When the joints are sore and swollen, and the muscles throbbing with the pain of Rheumatism, relief must be had at once, and it is natural to rub the affected parts with liniments, oils, etc. This treatment does good in a way, by temporarily relieving the pain and reducing the inflammation, but has no effect on the disease itself, because Rheumatism is more than skin deep; it is in the blood and cannot be rubbed away. Rheumatism is brought on by indigestion, weak kidneys, poor bowel action, stomach troubles and a general sluggish condition of the system. The refuse and waste matters, which should be carried off through the natural avenues of bodily waste, are left to sour and form uric acid and other irritating poisons which are absorbed by the blood, making it thin, weak and acrid. Then instead of nourishing the different nerves, muscles, joints and tissues it fills them with poison to produce the aches, pains and other disagreeable symptoms of the disease. Rheumatism is usually worse in Winter for the reason that cold and dampness are exciting causes. The nerves become excited and sting with pain, the muscles are sore and drawn, the joints swollen and stiff and the sufferer lives in intense agony; and if the disease is not checked it often leaves its victims helpless cripples for life. Rheumatism cannot be rubbed away but it can be driven from the blood by S. S. S. Being a perfect blood purifier this great remedy soon produces a complete change in the entire circulation; the thin, acrid blood through the body nourishes and soothes

I was severely troubled with Rheumatism. I had it in my knees, legs and ankles, and any one who has ever had Rheumatism knows how excruciating the pain is and how it interferes with one at work. I was truly in bad shape—having been bothered with it for ten years, off and on. A local physician advised me to use S. S. S. I did so. After taking two bottles I noticed the soreness and pain were greatly reduced. I continued the medicine and was thoroughly cured; all pain, soreness and inflammation gone. I recommend S. S. S. to all Rheumatic sufferers.

J. L. AGNEW, 803 E. Greenbrier St., Mt. Vernon, O. is made pure and rich, and as it goes through the irritated nerves, eases the throbbing muscles, and dissolves and carries out of the system the irritating particles in the joints which are keeping up the pain and inflammation. S. S. S. cures Rheumatism permanently, and in addition tones up the digestion and stimulates the different members of the body to their full duty so there is no cause for another attack. Do not waste time trying to rub Rheumatism away, but get it out of the blood with S. S. S. so that the cold and dampness of Winter will not keep you in continual pain and agony. Special book on Rheumatism and any medical advice will be given free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles** of **Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

302 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of fully **TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE.**

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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302 SANSOME STREET.

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